
Title: Hell hath no fury.. Part 2

Author: Shahrressa

In as second he'd
disappeared. Civ Kid
smiled as
Shaahrressa looked at
the wall
incredulously. "Here's
some magic even you
can do, Shah," He said
teasing his
half-sister, as he
yanked on the lever.
wolfgang on his
heels.. *Blink, Blink*
"Come Shah, join the
crowd!" chuckled
Lilyth as she was
next to disappear.
Shahrressa gulped as
she grasped the lever
and tumbled down to
the next level of the
dungeon. Streath,
Morpheus, and
Moonknight popped in
behind her. "Ingenious
device," Morpheus
was saying . "I wonder
who built these
caverns? Surely no
orc could design
something like that."
They had little time to
ponder this however,
before they heard
harsh voices coming
from down the hall.
"Yub, dey clump de
idjits adda dor.
Humies cum fur
Grishnak's red
womahn." "Den
humies gunna git
clumped," said another
voice with a snort.
"Grishnak has gudda
plan. Har! Har!"
Wolfgang's eyes
narrowed, he'd had a

feeling Grishnak was behind all this. He burst forth down the passage, the others in close pursuit.

Wolfgang, catching the orcs by surprise cleaved the head of the first orc, as Streath and Moonknight set the other two afire.

Shahrressa placed her hands over her ears, as they howled in their painful deaths.

Following footprints and litter, the Knights rounded a corner and continued down a corridor to the east.

"This all seems too easy," Lilyth thought to herself. and as she was about to mention this.. her point became moot.

Seemingly from out of nowhere, vermin streamed forth. Giant Scorpions and Spiders the size of a horse, snakes big and small, green blobs of living acid-y slime, and rats of all sizes rushed toward them. There must have been hundreds of them, and each knight had more than his share to deal with.

Overtop the squeaks and squeals of dying vermin, could be heard the clang of sword and whizz of magics. An acrid stench soon filled the cavern as mages set crawling things on fire.

Wolfgang had to marvel at the brilliant ploy of Grishnak's, yet it would not be enough to stop the Urban Knights.

Trampling the
carcasses, they
thundered down the
tunnel. Ahead of them
in an enormous
cavern, was a rope
bridge across an
underground lake to a
tiny island. On the
bridge was a force of
orcs to match that of
the knights. At the
lead was a large, ugly,
green, bristled one
that smelled much
worse than the others.
Wolf approached this
one, stopping a few
feet from the
creature. "Grishnak,"
he nodded coldly.
Then, "I believe you
hold a woman against
her will. Release her
to us and you may
live."
"Grishnak hab notink
ub urs, stoopid
humie," he grunted
back. "Me tink red
womahn lubs
Grishnak and iz
gunna stay here."
The icy sound of
Wolf's sword leaveing
it's scabard, echoed
across the cavern. "I
challenge you to a duel
Grishnak. Winner
takes the lady."
"Har! Har!" Grishnak
laughed, as he
brought forth his
own rusty weapon.
"Stoopid humie gunna
lose mojo blud now."
Swords Drawn they
eyed each other. The
bridge swayed with
their wieght alone.
The Orcs were
gathered behind
Grishnak, cheering
him on in their barely
comprehensable
language. The Knights
were grim and kept an
eye out for treachery,

yet made no move to
interfere. Wolf's
sword suddenly came
alive and sliced
weightily into
Grishnak. They
circled each other on
the swaying bridge,
Wolf darting in to cut
into his opponent and
Grishnak clumsily
defending his blows.
Grishnak slammed his
rusty weapon against
Wolf's shield arm,
sending the knight to
one knee. But he
sprang up valiantly
and sliced under
Grishnak's guard in
one motion. The orcish
leader fell with a
thunk.

"Grrah!" the orcs
shouted, and
streaming past Wolf
into the face of the
knights, a battle raged
at the bridge. Lylith
snapped the neck of
one orc with a mighty
blow. Morpheus began
chanting, and managed
to set one's boots afire
before being hit with
a rock thrown by
another. Orcs began
throwing rocks as
they defended their
fallen leader. Streath
had time to notice that
Grishnak was nothing
more than a pile of
armor before he too,
set lightning onto an
orc. Wolf turned and
attacked the orcs from
behind.

"Get Grishnak to the
other side!" shouted
an orc. And as a whole
they picked up their
fallen leader and sped
back across the
bridge. Hot on their
tails were the Urban
Knights. Galloping as
fast as they could in

pursuit. But when
they reached the
island they found
nothing.

"Where is she?" Shah
growled, looking about
in frustration.

"Where is Shakti?"

"Where are the orcs?"
Shouted Civ Kid.

"They must have gated
out."

"what is that?" asked
Streath, looking back
over his shoulder. He
quickly turned and
galloped back across
the bridge, the other
knights following.

Giant scorpions and
spiders blocked the
end of the bridge. The
knights tried to push
their way through, so
as not to be trapped.

They found
themselves

surrounded by a wall
of vermin. "Clear it
out!" came the
command from Wolf,
and yelling a challenge
they began another
fight. As many

scorpions as
Shahrressa killed,
another would appear
before her. Before
long, she realized that
she was being herded
to the rear of the
cavern and that she
could no longer see the
other knights. The
sounds of magic and
swords becoming more
distant, she called out
to her foster-brother,
"Civ, where are you?

Can you hear me,
Civ?!" Suddenly the
scorpion before her
stabbed its tail into
her face. Immediately
the burning wound
began to swell; Shah
could not see. She
began to scream as her

body shook in violent convulsions. With a loud clatter, her kryss dropped to the ground. Just as her horse reared to attack, the scorpion exploded into a gory greenish mass upon the cave floor. And Civ was there. He helped her down from the saddle, supporting her body in his lap. Shah's hands covered her face. "Be still sister," he told her. Then softly whispered words of magic while gesturing over her wounds. After a moment she stopped trembling, and the greenish blue of her skin returned to normal. Civ had cured her of the poison that would have surely finished her. Looking into his eyes for a moment then smiling, she threw her arms around his neck. They held each other in silence for a minute, at the center of a large circle of dead vermin..